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[NUMB. 395.

THE VILLAGE CURATE.

[Continued from our last.]

To this may be attributed the small attention Trueman received to his animated address. —With her eyes fixed on the ground, she saw not the man with whom she conversed. Those features, which beauty claimed her own, that form, where grace with elegance was allied, met not the view of the sorrowing Charlotte; and, before he could impress his lovely auditor with a favorable thought, the painful moment arrived when he was to bid her adieu, or suffer the restraint which the presence of her family would lay him under.

Harry Benley, the youth to whom Trueman had offered his assistance, eased of his burden, had reached home some time before the arrival of his sister. Having informed his mother of the stranger's civility, the good woman walked to the wicked-gate, that formed an entrance to the garden, to welcome her daughter's return; and, thanking Trueman for his politeness, invited him to partake of their morning's refreshment, which he readily accepted.

"I am sorry!" said the venerable matron, "that my means, and my inclination to make you welcome, are not in unison with each other: but that which I have to give, I give freely. There was a time," added she, with a sigh, and stopping to wipe away the tear which reflection urged—

"I have heard of your misfortunes, Madam," interrupted Trueman; "and I sincerely sympathize in your sufferings. But do not," continued he, yield to despair. The hand which inflicts distress, can also bestow happiness; and, though the pitiless storm of stern Adversity to day beats hard and heavy on our defenceless roof, to-morrow Prosperity's cheering sun may raise our sinking hopes, and repair the ravages of the ruthless blast."

Here the discourse was interrupted by the arrival of breakfast, which Charlotte had prepared. Mrs. Benley, however, could not help noticing the remark and the language of her guest, which she seemed not to expect from a person in the habit of a peasant. Trueman found that he had excited surprize; and, as soon as their repast was over, in a few words, gave a feigned story of his life; concluding with his intention to reside a few months in the village, and requesting permission to visit them.

Mrs. Benley assured him, that the society of a man possessing such sentiments as he had expressed, would always be to her acceptable; and, with a promise to renew his visit on the morrow, he took his leave. Mrs. Benley, and her lovely daughter, in the mean time, could not avoid making their observations on the strangeness of the visit, and the visitor, while he congratulated himself on the completion of his wish for an introduction to this amiable family.

The voluntary contributions of the surrounding peasantry, that so amply supplied the wants and necessities of Mrs. Benley and her family, were not confined to the narrow limits of this

obscure village: the venerable pastor, in the gloomy confines of a prison, tasted of the grateful bounty; and the sorrows of the wretched captive found alleviation in the affectionate concern of his parishioners. Not a week passed, but some one of the village attended the market; and none ever entered the gates of the city without paying a visit to Mr. Benley.

It was on one of these market-days, that Farmer Welford, having disposed of his samples of corn to a purchaser, waited on the old man. He found him in a small room, remote from the thoughtless herd of debtors, who sought to bury their cares in riot and dissipation, indulging the religious habits of his mind, and pursuing his pious meditation. The sight of any of his parishioners was a cordial to the drooping spirits of Mr. Benley. He received them with undissembled pleasure. His anxieties, his griefs, though not forgotten, were suppressed, while conversing with his friends; but, at the moment of separation, they returned with increased poignancy, and it required the utmost efforts of his mind to support the painful—"Adieu!"

"Eternal God!" exclaimed the weeping father, "must I no more enjoy the sweets of liberty! Shall I no more behold my humble cot! and must those shrubs, those flowers, which Art has taught to twine around my lattice, unfold to some stranger's eye their fragrant blossoms! Must I no more, at close of day—the fond partner of my bosom leaning on my arm, the sweet pledges of our mutual love in playful fondness attending on our steps—must I no more, at this sweet hour, along the deepening vale extend my rural walk, attentive to the thrush's song or the happy milk-maid's artless ditty! Must I no more, on the brow of some beech-crowned hill, my station take, to view the lately vessel scud before the breeze! or, down the sloping cliff, urge my peaceful way; and, on the sea shore penive listen to the lashing waves, and mark the frothy surge's due retreat!

—No! these joys are vanished; happiness flies my void embrace; and misery, want, and wretchedness, press hard on my declining years. These were the pleasures which faithless Fortune once bestowed. How changed the scene! Here, when Night her sable mantle o'er the face of Heaven begins to spread, nothing is heard but the dismal rattling of chains; doors of massive iron, grating on their hinges, appal the timid soul; while horrid oaths, and dreadful imprecations, wound the listening ear. O Welford! my soul sickness at the scene; and Philosophy scarce can shield my mind from the horrors of despair!"

At this moment the gaoler entered the room, with a letter for Mr. Benley—"The hand is unknown to me," said he, looking at the superscription, "It has a goodly outside," said the gaoler: "pray Heaven, it prove not like the world; fair without, and foul within."

"Why, truly, friend," returned Mr. Benley, "your satire upon the manners of mankind is not unreasonable. It is, I fear, the maxim of too many of the present age, to conceal the depravity of the heart, beneath the specious appearance of honesty. The termagant female, when some fair

youth strikes her fantastick fancy, will assume a peaceful mien; till, falconer like, she lures the tassel to her power, then throws the mask aside. The libertine, who fighs to clasp the blooming virgin in his unchaste embrace, will swear eternal constancy and love; and invoke even Heaven itself to witness the integrity of his passion: yet, no sooner has possession cloyed the appetite, and desire sickens, than he forgets his vows, and leaves the too incautious maid to mourn her fond credulity, and his ingratitude. This, however," continued he, breaking the seal "I think, bodes no harm; I will therefore inform myself of its contents."

And now, gentle reader; do I most sincerely wish for the pencil of the imitable Hogarth, to pourtray the features of this trio; to which language cannot give expression, nor the most lively conception do justice. Here sat the reverend father, with placid countenance and mind serene, prepared to meet, with complacency, the smiles, of Fortune, or to combat with success the frowns of Adversity. Near him stood the gaoler, whom Nature had cast in too soft a mould for the iron-hearted profession; and, on his right-hand was seated the honest farmer. In the countenance of these, Hope's dawning smile was sweetly contrasted with the dusky frown of trembling Fear. Now Hope shot forth her brightening beam; now, Fear veiled, with her murky cloud, the gilded prospect; and each, by turns, the balance swayed.

At length, Mr. Benley, raising his eye from the letter, ended their suspense—"It is well, my friends," said he: "Goodness is still extant; and Innocence enjoys the guardian care of Providence. The contents of this letter will best explain my meaning—

"TO THE REVEREND JOHN BENLEY,
AT THE CASTLE OF NORWICH,
REVEREND SIR.

"THE in closed notes, which I find, on enquiry, will cover to the whole of your debts, wait your acceptance. They are the gift of one, on whom Fortune has bestowed more than he can claim on the score of desert; and who anxiously hopes, while it restores to you those most invaluable blessings, liberty, and domestic happiness, he had left no clue by which a discovery of the donor may be effected."

"Here the gaoler broke out in a swearing fit of joy; the farmer, whose emotions were too violent for utterance, could only express his looks; while the greatful pastor threw himself on his knees; and, in a prayer poured forth the grateful transports of his soul.

While the bounty of the generous Trueman was thus employed in releasing the worthy curate from the horrors of a prison, he himself was no less assiduous in soothing, by every act of benevolence and hospitality, the anxiety of the family at home. His urbanity and complacence had already obtained him the good opinion of Mrs. Benley; and the amiable Charlotte began to view him with a sisterly regard. If the graces of his person pleased her eye, his generosity of sentiment, and nobleness of soul, excited her admiration.

ration and esteem. Trueman cultivated her good opinion with an anxious solitude, that bespoke her dear to his heart; and he had the happiness to know that he was not indifferent to the object of his love.

[To be continued.]

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A REMARKABLE ACCOUNT OF A WIDOW BURNING HERSELF ON THE FUNERAL PILE OF HER HUSBAND, AT BENARES, IN INDOSTAN.

WHILE I was pursuing my professional labours in Benares, I received information of a ceremony which was to take place on the banks of the river, and which greatly excited my curiosity. I had often read and repeatedly heard of that most horrid custom among, perhaps, the most mild and gentle of the human race, the Hindoos; the sacrifice of the wife on the death of her husband, and that by a means from which nature seems to shrink with the utmost abhorrence, by burning. The person whom I saw of the Bhyfe (merchant) tribe or cast; a class of people we should naturally suppose exempt from the high and impetuous pride of rank, and in whom the natural desire to preserve life should in general predominate, undiverted from its proper course by a prospect of posthumous fame. I may add, that these motives are greatly strengthened by the exemption of this class from that infamy with which the refusal is inevitably branded in their superiors. Upon my repairing to the spot, on the banks of the river, where the ceremony was to take place, I found the body of the man on a bier, and covered with linen, already brought down and laid at the edge of the river. At this time, about ten in the morning, only a few people were assembled, who appeared destitute of feeling at the catastrophe that was to take place; I may even say that they displayed the most perfect apathy and indifference. After waiting a considerable time the wife appeared, attended by the Bramins, and music, with some few relations. The procession was slow and solemn; the victim moved with a steady and firm step; and, apparently with a perfect composure of countenance, approached close to the body of her husband where for some time they halted. She then addressed those who were near her with composure, and without the least trepidation of voice or change of countenance. She held in her left hand a cocoa nut, in which was a red colour mixed up, and dipping in it the forefinger of her right hand, she marked those near her, to whom she wished to shew the last act of attention. As at this time I stood close to her, she observed me attentively, and with the colour marked me on the forehead. She might be about twenty-four or five years of age, a time of life when the bloom of beauty has generally fled the cheek in India; but still she preserved a sufficient share to prove that she must have been handsome; her figure was small, but elegantly turned; and the form of her hands and arms was particularly beautiful. Her dress was a loose robe of white flowing drapery, that extended from her head to the feet. The place of sacrifice was higher up on the bank of the river, a hundred yards or more from the spot where we now stood. The pile was composed of dried branches, leaves, and rutes, with a door on one side, and arched and covered on the top: by the side of the door stood a man with a lighted brand. From the time the woman appeared, to the taking up of the body to convey it into the pile, might occupy a space of half an hour, which was employed in prayer with the Bramins, in attentions to those who stood near her, and conversation with her relations. When the body was taken up she followed close to it, attended by the chief Bramin; and when it was deposited in the pile, she bowed to all around her, and entered without speaking. The moment she entered, the door was closed; the fire was put to the combustibles, which instantly flamed, and immense quantities of dried wood and other matters were thrown upon it. This last part of the ceremony was accompanied by the shouts of the multitude, who now became numerous; and the whole seemed a mass of confused rejoicing. For my part, I felt myself actuated by very different sentiments: the event that I had been witness to was such, that the minutest circumstances attending it could not be erased from my memory.

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M A X I M.

IT seems as if men thought they had not faults enough, for they increase their number by certain affected singularities; these are cultivated so carefully, that at last they become natural defects, beyond their power to reform.

FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON THE IMMENSITY OF CREATION,
AND THE DURATION OF TIME.

AS o'er this paper's whiten'd plain
My pen I gently drew,
Ten thousand insects I have slain,
Too small to meet my view.

But swoln by Microscopic aid,
Insects unnumber'd rise,
By one Almighty Being made,
Who fills the boundless skies.

Each spear of grass to these shall be
A world of vast domain;
Each drop of dew a boundless sea,
As ocean is to man.

Thro' all creation thus we view
Mong animals a grade;
Down from the monstrous Crakan* to
The smallest insect made.

And even earth's extended size,
If we proportions trace,
Is smaller than the dust that flies,
Compar'd to boundless space.

Here num'rous worlds and radiant suns
The Deity obey,
While each his pointed orbit runs,
In mirth and harmony.

All these with countless beings fill'd,
At his supreme command,
Are not to 's empire as a mile,
To huge Columbia's land.

Could I ten thousand ages live,
And like a bullet fly,
Twould all be spent e'er I could drive
Thro' half immensity.

As when grown weary of a toy,
We crush it in a trice;
So could the Deity destroy
Ten million worlds like this.

Tho' on the wing the mind of man
Old Time can never trace,
Backward to where he first began,
Or where he'll end his race.

Compose ten thousand worlds like this,
Of finest ocean sand;
And each ten thousand years dismiss
One solitary grain.

Tho' calculation fails to tell
The time would yet arrive,
When these would all be spent, and yet
His sovereignty survive.

This the great Deity survey'd,
And laid his changeless plan;
Nor can it e'er effected be,
By vain ambitious man.

Jan. 22 1796. DEISM.

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For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

CUPID'S ADDRESS TO ANGRY VENUS.

DEAR mother, me no longer blame,
My fault with Pitv view;
For when I lovely A--- did praise,
She look'd divine like you.

January 20. W.

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For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

E P I T A P H.
BENEATH this Stone my Wife is laid---
She scolds no more---(enough is said)---

January 19. WILLIAM.

* The CRAKAN or CORVAN, found in the Norwegian seas, is the largest known animal, being nearly a mile and a half in circumference.---See Salmon's Geography, improved by Tyller.

CURIOS EXTRACTS

FROM EMINENT AUTHORS, RELATIVE TO LAWS AND LAWYERS.

"THRO' tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate Sin with Gold
And the strong Lance of Justice hurtles breaks;
Arm it in Rags, a Pigmy's Straw can pierce it."

SHAKESPEARE.

"One of the seven fages of Greece was wont to say, that the laws were like cobwebs; where the small flies are caught, and the great brake through." LORD BACON.

"Honour, my Lord, is much too proud to catch
At ev'ry slender twig of nice distinction!
These for the unfeeling vulgar may do well;
But those, whose souls are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous delicacy only sway'd,
Stand at another bar than that of laws." THOMSON.

"The punishment of criminals should be of use; when a man is hanged, he is good for nothing." VOLTAIRE.

"He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd,
Is sillier than a sottish chowse,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
Applies himself to cunning men,
To help him to his goods again;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more in vain." BUTLER.

"The universal spirit of all laws, in all countries, is to favor the strong in opposition to the weak; and to assist those who have possessions against those who have none." ROUSSEAU.

"When we've nothing to dread from the law's sternest frowns,
How we laugh at the barristers wigs, bands, and gowns;
But no sooner we want them, to sue or defend,
Than their laughter begins, and our mirth's at an end." HARRISON.

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"TWO ARE BETTER THAN ONE."

THIS is Solomon's theory, and I like it; his practice was rather too extensive, for in his luxurious palace seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines were better than one.---Whether the women of Jerusalem were of more manageable natures than modern females I am at a loss, for Josephus, whose works I have turned over to gain information on this knotty point, says nothing of the matter. However, I am inclined to think Solomon made his domestic arrangements soon after he "planted vineyards." Had he chosen a soberer moment, he would not have told the most confidential of his eunuchs that seven hundred expensive wives, and three hundred capricious concubines were better than one.

"Two are better than one." Dr. Franklin thought so, when he recommended early marriage. As I am of singular continence myself, I know nothing of the matter, but St. Paul, an apostle of experience, tells bachelor and virgin Christians, that it is better to marry than burn. If they feel this heat therefore, let them quench it in legal couples, and choose for the wedding ring poly "Two are better than one." My physician tells me that in these degenerate days, when illicit love is common, early marriage is favourable to health; the philosophers affirm that it is so to morals. The Preacher therefore concludes that "two are better than one," applied to matrimony, is a precept productive of happiness, and that a young man, who will reject all the concubines and six hundred and ninety nine of the wives which Solomon thought necessary, may be pronounced wiser, as it respects woman, than that Prince.

I grieve to see a melancholy man moping in the chimney corner, refusing to "eat bread," and when the social cup goes round unwilling to pledge a bumper.---Trust me, thou son of spleen, happiness is doubled by participation. Arise therefore, and be, even as this publican; be social, be merry, go to the doors of thy tent, and if thou feel a man of understanding pass by, intreat him with a "turn in hither, I beseech thee." So shall the "evil spirit" flee, as of yore, from the harp of the Shepherd, and all the cares of thy heart be filled by the pleasant communion of a friend.

SATURDAY, January 23, 1796.

ON Monday evening last, during the then violent snow storm, the ship *Industry*, Capt. Barnes, 67 days from Portsmouth, England, for Boston, was shipwrecked on the coast of Cape Ann, and every soul perished. The vessel belonged to Mr. Thomas Lewis, of Boston; and which, together with the cargo, is supposed to be entirely lost. This unfortunate event was discovered by the floating of a trunk and some papers from the wreck to shore.

Capt. Miller, of the snow *Industry*, arrived at Philadelphia, informs, that from 20 to 25 sail of American vessels, put into Ramsgate, England, in distress, all of which failed from thence previous to his departure, for different ports of the United States--among them was the *Jay* for New-York, which failed on the 9th of November.

Extract of a letter from York, (Virginia) to a gentleman in Norfolk, dated December 29.

"On Sunday night last a full discovery was made of the robberies committed on the mail. John Goofely, son of Capt. George Goofely, and John Reynalds, son of Mr. William Reynalds, both of this place, were discovered to be the perpetrators.

"The former has delivered up to the post-master general 3,700 dollars in bank notes, and also the letters he received from Reynalds, who wrote him not to let one mail pass without plundering it. The latter is in Philadelphia, and carried with him 5000 dollars. Goofely has made his escape, and an express has gone on to Philadelphia to apprehend Reynalds."

There are several letters confirming the above.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

On Christmas Day, Lieut. Josiah Pierce, aged 73 and Sarah his wife aged 69, of Worcester, dined at their table with nine sons and their wives, and six daughters with their husbands, making fifteen of their own children, all of one father and mother, and fifteen of their children in law. What is somewhat remarkable, each of the sons began the world with nothing but their industry, and are now farmers in prosperous circumstances, and each of the daughters have married men of respectable property. A circumstance so extraordinary cannot be found in the annals of our country.

SALEM, January 12.

Further particulars of the loss of the Margaret, Captain Mackay.

Last Thursday morning, in a snow storm, the ship *Margaret*, Capt. John Mackay, from Amsterdam, belonging to Boston, drove ashore upon the Eastern Gooseberry, laying S. 26, W. about half a mile from Baker's Island. She struck about ten minutes before she touched the Gooseberry, on the rocks without, and was ashore about two o'clock in the morning. They left the wreck about nine o'clock. The ship went to pieces about ten. They were discovered to be on the Island soon after they landed by Mr. Cabot of Beverly. A boat from Beverly went instantly to their relief, but not being able to land, it gave notice at Marblehead, and the survivors were taken off the Island about five o'clock, P. M. by Skippers, Roles, and Hooper. Marblehead on this, as well as all other occasions which call for bold exertions to relieve distress, deserves the highest praise. The Capt. and three other persons perished on the wreck--One of them was a passenger. The cargo was dry goods, steel, gin, &c. and a very little of it has been saved--A passenger was set ashore upon the Isle of Shoals, to whom the letters and papers were delivered, who has passed through this to Boston.

ALEXANDRIA, Jan. 9.

Yesterday presented a scene, which for savage desperation, hardly has its parallel. Between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning, the family of Messrs. Korn and Wisemiller, was alarmed with the cries of murder in the upper story of their dwelling; but before those who were up in the house had more than half way ascended to the apartment from whence the cries issued, they were met by a negro woman who had but just breath to make them understand that her husband had attempted her life, and pointing to her throat, where there was then a razor sticking, fell dead at their feet. To complete the dreadful catastrophe, the perpetrator, immediately on the woman's getting out

of the room, threw himself head foremost, from the garret window of a three story house to the pavement; thus putting a period to a life, the termination of which exhibited a phrenzy not to be accounted for, and a spectacle too horrid for description. The parties were upwards of sixty years of age.

CHARLESTON, December 23.

On Saturday evening last, as Mr. James Jaffray, of this city, merchant, Mr. John Adams, of Edisto Island, and three negroes, were crossing Edisto river in an open boat, she was overset by a sudden flaw of wind; soon after, the mast breaking, the boat righted, and they bailed her out, but having neither sails nor oars, she was driven about by the tide for several hours, when they got on a marsh. Mr. Adams and one of the negroes, perished with the cold in a few hours after the accident; Mr. Jaffray got on the marsh, and survived till ten o'clock on Sunday morning, when he died; another of the negroes died soon after; the third negro was taken off alive on Sunday evening. Both Mr. Jaffray and Mr. Adams have left wives and families to lament their untimely fate.

From the (London) COURIER, of Nov. 9.

While our school books are full of the generous instances of devoting life to principle in an heroic age, and among a people for whom futurity had no terror, let us record a late event to which Birmingham was witness, and upon the authenticity of which our readers may rely.

A widow woman went one morning to a baker's, during the delivery of bread to the people, and taking up a loaf, hurried away with it to her home. The baker observed it, and followed her immediately.

The house to which he traced her wore the appearance of neat poverty--sluttishness was not there to degrade misfortune.

When he entered the room, he saw the loaf divided between three children, who devoured it with the most ravenous haste.

He taxed the woman with the fact, which she did not hesitate to acknowledge.

"I know (she said) I must suffer for the theft, and am content to do so, but not to see my children perish."

It is not easy at all times to verify the complaints we hear, and the baker doubted the widow's story.

"I fear (said he) you are accustomed to such actions, and live by theft--What have you in that cupboard?"

"Look (said she) and satisfy yourself."

He perceived a dish, which he thought had meat in it, and exclaimed, "I suppose this was stolen also!"

"Look nearer it and judge," said the wretched mother!

The man approached, and beheld the remains of a dog!!!

He shuddered! his eyes filled with tears! his hand spontaneously sought his pocket; he put half a crown into her hand; and charged her to call frequently upon him!

The man went to the wealthy part of his customers, and told the story with the plain eloquence of truth. He produced a liberal subscription for this poor family; and has been the happy instrument to preserve worth, beyond what poets have immortalized in past ages.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

PENOBCOT, December 9, 1795.

A melancholy accident happened here the 4th inst.---Peletiah Wescott, Joseph Wescott, and Samuel Avery, came on shore from the schooner *Freedom* belonging to this port, to take off some things belonging to a gentleman going passenger in the vessel. A musket was among the articles, which was not primed, and which they supposed not charged---After the boat left the shore, P. Wescott took up the musket, snapped it several times over the side of the boat, and then began to perform the manual exercise, and Avery gave him the word; when he came the word Fire, he snapped the gun, which proved to be charged, and the contents were lodged in the head of Avery, just above the right eye---it blew off part of his skull, and he expired in a few minutes. Wescott says that when he snapped the gun, it was elevated above Avery's head, but in bringing it to a priming position, it went off---this appeared to me the more probable, as the gun had been loaded some time before, and it is likely had become a little damp. No evidence appeared to the Jury of any design in Wescott, on the contrary, every circumstance was favorable. The Jury was unanimous in the verdict "ACCIDENTAL DEATH."

Court of Hymen.

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MARRIED

By the Rev. Mr. Mildolar, Mr. ABRAHAM DESART, to Miss MAGDALEN EAGLES.

On Sunday evening the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. HENRY EAGLE, late of Limerick, to Miss CHRISTIANA BULL, daughter of Mr. Jones Bull, of Waterford, Ireland.

On Wednesday evening the 14th inst. Capt. JACOB STOUT, of this city, to Miss FANNY CARPENTER, of Brooklyn, Long-Island.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. THOMAS SERVICE, Merchant, to Miss SARAH TINNEY, daughter of Mr. William Tinney, both of this city.

Elegant and Cheap Prints.

The greatest Variety ever offered for sale in this country,
ALSO,

Childrens Books,

Of every description, by the Groce, Dozen, or Single,
Just received from London, and for sale at
J. HARRISON's Printing Office, Book and Stationary
Store, No. 3, Peck-Slip.

Also, just Published.

Important State Papers,

Containing the TREATIES existing between the United States and Foreign Powers.

Almanacks for 1796,

By the Groce, Dozen, or Single.

Printing, in all its Branches,

Performed with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

TRUNKS,

OF all sizes, from 3 feet to 1 foot four inches, made ready for covering, at No. 25, Banker-street, near the Jews-Burying-Ground, on as cheap terms as can be done in town or country. Jan. 23. 95--4

JAMES WALKER

HAS removed his DRY GOODSTORE from No. 127, William-street, to No. 68, MADDEN-LANE, being the third house from the south west corner of William-street, where he hopes for a continuance of the favors of his friends, which it will be his utmost ambition to merit.

To be sold and immediate possession given, that very convenient New House, No. 51, Chamber-street, replete with every convenience for a genteel family.

New-York, Jan. 16. 1796.

S. LOYD, respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she continues to carry on the STAY MANUFACTURE, and MILLINERY BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where she hopes for the continuance of those favors which it will be her constant endeavor to deserve.

Feb. 14, 1795. 1 y

To be Sold at Private Sale,

ANY time before the 1st of April next, a pleasant situated Farm, lying south side of Long Island, within two miles of Jamaica, and one mile from the landing, where there is good fishing and fowling--The said farm contains about one hundred acres, seven of which are woodland, and twelve meadow--There is on the premises a dwelling house and a good barn, a well of excellent water near the door, a good bearing orchard, containing about one hundred apple trees; also a number of peach, plum, pear, and cherry trees--Any person inclining to purchase, will please to apply to Charles Welling, living on the premises, or Charles Welling, junior, No. 95, Fair-street, where an indisputable title will be given.

January 1, 1796,

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Court of Apollo.

SOLUTION TO THE REBUS, IN OUR LAST.

ADDRESSTO THE AUTHOR

THE Lycian monarch, whose unfulfilled heart,
Receiv'd a wound from great Patroclus' dart,
Was SARPEDON, a King by Troy belov'd,
In field and council by each chief approv'd;
Alas! his virtue could not save his life,
He fell (lamented) in the glorious strife.
A Land by poets thought a land of bliss,
Renown'd for plenty, more for happiness,
UTOPIA, sure must be the country's name,
Less known, alas! by mortals, than by fame,
In SESIUS, near the Hellespontic tide,
The lovely Hero liv'd, her sexes pride;
To meet whom, oft Leander stem'd the wave,
At length, o'erwhelm'd, he found a wavy grave:
From the high tow'r, his floating corse the spy'd,
Then frantic plung'd, and perish'd by his side.

APOLLO guides the chariot of the day,
And NEPTUNE weilds the sceptre of the sea:
He rides triumphant o'er the liquid main,
While Naiads and Nereids wanton in his train.

Columbia's darling, and fair Freedom's son,
Is no one else than gallant WASHINGTON.
When impious tyrants, with their flayish hand,
Spread death and desolation o'er the land;
His conquering sword, the dauntless hero draws,
And asks no other than his country's cause,
Thy name, great chief, shall grace the historic page,
And be rever'd in every clime and age.

A simple APPLE, bred the bloody knife,
'Twixt Venus, Pallas, and the thunderer's wife,
The thoughts of youth, ICARUS, dur'd to rise,
Forewarp'd in vain, to trull not to the skies;
From Ceti's Isle, he boldly wing'd his way,
But Phebus met him with his scorching ray;
Disolv'd the wax, and plung'd him down the steep,
Into the dark recesses of the deep.

The Icarian sea receiv'd from him its name,
And with it likewise an immortal fame.

Thro' TEMPE's vales the gentle Penus glides,
With mounts stupendous, towering on its sides;
On this side Ossa, doth Olympus stand,
Whose lofty top evades the ken of man.
Thus I've with anxious care your REBUS solv'd,
And clear'd the mists in which it was involv'd:
Each blooming fair, when they these names relate,
Will cry, "this charmer sure, is SUSAN WAIT."

My artless lays can no self merit claim,
All I can say, I've found the fair one's name;
And e'en this task would not to me belong,
Did but RINOLDO wake th' inspired song--
But he, (ungrateful) quits APOLLO's shrine,
And pays no off'ring to the tuneful NINE.
The time there was, when rambling tho' the grove,
He tun'd the lyre, to harmony and love:
He shone the foremost in ERATO's train,
A favor'd poet, and a generous swain--

But now, far other thoughts his mind employ,
In commerce's wills he seeks delusive joy:--
E'en PASTORELLA now denies those lays,
Which charm'd each hearer, and commanded praise.

Thy Sons, o CONCORD! once for verie renown'd,
With flow'ry wreaths, by great APOLLO crown'd
No more in prae of love and beauty sing,
And quaff no waters from CASTALIAS' spring:
Yet may they turn repentant, and the time
They spend in idleness, devote to rhyme.
Then mayst thou THERON, claim the largest share
Of inspiration, and the Muses care.

May each kind fair, when they thy lines rehearse,
Etxt thy genius, and admire thy verse--
My humble Muse can ne'er expect applause,
All I can plead is justice in my cause. AMYNTAS.

FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

AN E C D O T E.

A Quaker being on board a vessel that was to be boar-
ded, watched his opportunity when the boat was a-
long side, takes up a handpik and as an officer was climbing
the side knocked him overboard, exclaiming FRIEND I
TRUST THEE CAN SWIM.

W. F. P.

The Moralist.

INGRATITUDE.

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters wrap,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remember'd not."

SHAKESPEARE.

PRIDE has always been considered the parent of vice; and, if we search into the origin of Ingratitude, I cannot but think that it will be found to spring from this polluted source. To those, whose souls are naturally mean, there cannot be a greater mortification than to receive a favor, and incur an obligation; hence arises false Pride, which they palliate with the name of SPIRIT. In order to evince, that they are not indebted to the hand that has succoured them, they return all the generous efforts of friendship with indifference and ingratitude; and, such are the effects of this temper in human nature, that we mostly find it is much easier to confer than receive a favor. I hope there needs little argument, to dissuade the reader from yielding to so infamous a crime! which must ever excite the abhorrence of every worthy mind: for in all the catalogue of human imperfections, there is not one of a more execrable and diabolical hue than Ingratitude; nor is there any character who merits universal contempt more than the UNGRATEFUL MAN!

To be Sold,

AND possession given the first of May next, a House and Lot of ground in William-Street, the house contains 4 rooms, a large garret, and a cellar under the whole, with a fire-place in it. A back building suitable for a small family, also, a Wash House, new Pump, and a stone Cistern in the yard. The lot is 29 feet in depth, and 25 in front. For further particulars enquire of the Printer, or of A. McCREADY, No. 59, William-Street.

New-York, Jan. 9, 1796.

92---tf.

R. LOYD respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to carry on the UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BUSINESS, in all its branches, at No. 30, Vefey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of their favors, which by a strict attention to business he will endeavor to deserve. One or two youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Apprentices.

February. 14, 1795.

1 y

Universal Red Ointment,

MADE and prepared by Mrs. MCCORMIC, who is the only proprietor of the original receipt. This Ointment is remarkable for its excellencies in all kinds of fresh wounds, bruises, scalds, burns, sore or gibb'd heels, and even for sore eyes, it being of so innocent a composition as to be used at all times of the year without any kind of danger.

The variety of cures that has been performed with this ointment, can be attested to by many of the most respectable inhabitants of this city.

It is recommended to all families, and particularly to masters of vessels, as it retains its virtues in all climates.

To be sold at this Printing Office, and No. 74, James-street, New-York.

N. B. This Ointment is in boxes at 4s---3s and 2s each
Great allowance will be made to those who purchase by
the quantity.

Jan. 9 93---tf.

To be Sold,

BY Cornelius Lezier, a well situated place, suitable for a saw or grist mill, or Factory, with a convenient house and cellar, and a good barn, with one hundred and fifty acres of Land. Also, another Farm on the south of the above, with a good stone house, barn, orchard, and a quantity of meadow.---Said Farms are thirty miles from White-Hall.---The conditions of Sale will be made known by applying to Cornelius Lezier, at Agburt Van Zile's in Vanderwater-street.

96 4t

New-York, January 1, 1796.

SARAH LEACH,

Mantua Maker from London,

R EPECTFULLY informs the Ladies of this City, and particularly her friends, that she has removed to No 29 Vanderwater-street, near the corner of Pearl-street, where she will thankfully receive any commands in the line of her business, and flatters herself that she will merit the future custom and approbation of her employers.

Nov. 14, 1795.

85---tf.

Christopher Bennet, Tailor,

No. 4, Peck-slip,

R ETURNS his sincere thanks to his friends for their past favors, and hopes for a continuance. He likewise informs the public that he carries on the above business in the neatest and most fashionable manner, and upon the most reasonable terms.---N. B. Gentlemen who wish to be furnished with articles in his line will please to give notice and they will be served. Also, a fine assortment of very handsome Vell Shapes and Clouded Cashmeres on hand, suitable to the season.

Aug. 8.

78 tf

HARDWARE STORE.

T HE largest assortment of White Chapel Needles, ever offered for sale in this city, some of which is a very extra good quality, for sale by JEREMIAH HALLET, and Co. No. 171, Water-street, near Fly Market. Also,

1500 weight of Iron wire; 150 boxes Tin Plate; 1500 weight Sheet Copper; 6 ton of Sheet Lead; 2 ton of Bar Lead; 3 ton of Sheet iron, 1000 pair of Skates. With other Articles in the Hardware line, &c. &c. 87 tf

W HEREAS James Dickson and Elizabeth his wife, have lately died intestate, leaving certain personal estate in the hands of the subscriber: Notice is hereby given to any person or persons who were related to the said James Dickson, to call on the said subscriber and receive the same according to law. Apply to JOHN M'BRIDE, George-street, New-York, or to the subscriber. HAZLETON WALCH, N. York, Nov. 28. living at Saratoga, State of New-York.

FEVER and AGUE.

A NY person having the Fever and Ague may have it cured effectually in a few hours; should the person not perform the cure no payment will be asked. Enquire at No. 64, Vefey-street, near the Bear Market.

Sep. 19.

8t

Mrs. S. Sparhawk, Miliner,

From London, the back shop, No. 59, Maiden-lane, TAKES this method to inform her friends

and the public that she has received in some of the latest vessels from London, Dres and half dres caps, bonnets, hats, &c. straw wreaths and sprigs, feathers, beads, &c. Elegant rich silk gauze for dresses, some fashions, and a variety of ribbons, black lestring and satin, blue Coventry marking thread, a few London dolls, glove springs, sandals, pattens, &c.

New-York, Dec. 19, 1795.

90 tf.

Genteel Boarding and Lodging,

No. 89, Front-street,

Between the Coffee-House and Old-Slip.

SALT PETRE

For Sale.

Enquire at No. 50, Cherry-street.

85tf.